





CANNING - HORACE'S FIRST SATIRE - LONDON 1762





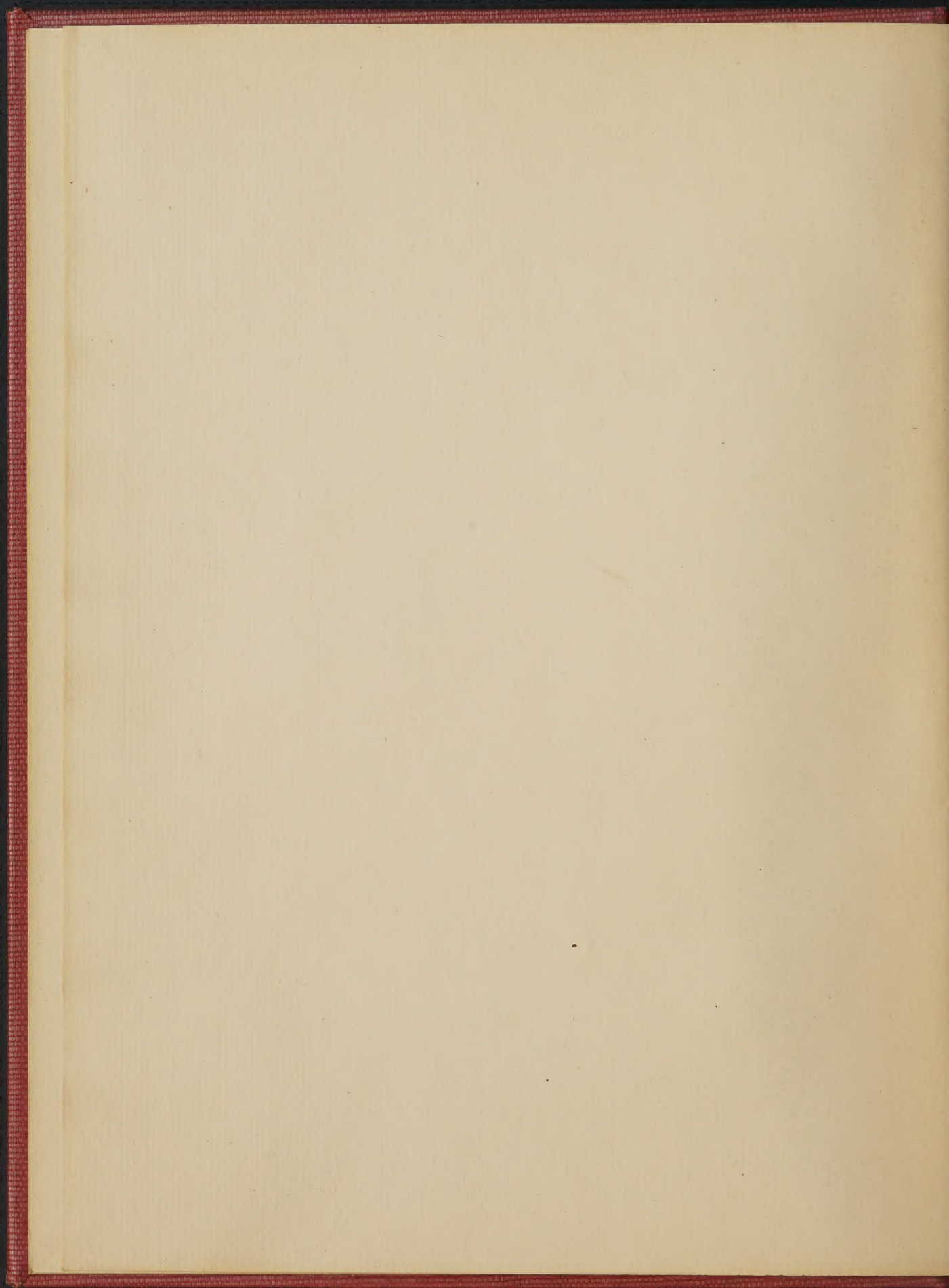




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HORACE's FIRST SATIRE

M O D E R N I Z E D,

AND ADDRESSED TO

J A C O B H E N R I Q U E S.

---

Quid rides ?

Pray Gentlefolks forbear your Scoffing.

SWIFT.

---



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR ; and sold by J. COOKE, at Shakespear's Head in Pater-noster Row.

MDCCLXII.










## HORACE's FIRST SATIRE

M O D E R N I Z E D.

 RAY tell me, friend JACOB, how comes it  
to pass,

That, say what we will, ev'ry man is an ass ?  
Against his own lot everlastingly braying,  
And for change of condition still whining and praying.

The Soldier worn out with fatigues and with scars,  
As he hobbles to CHELSEA, cries, "Curse on the wars;"  
He envies the merchant the ease of his gain,  
" 'Tis acquir'd without toil, and secur'd without pain."

B

The

The merchant, at mercy of winds and of waves,  
 When he thinks upon war, all its dangers he braves ;  
 “ What’s in it ?” He cries, “ Why, you hear the bombs  
     thunder,  
 “ Death relieves you at once, or you’re loaded with  
     plunder.”

The lawyer indulging his afternoon’s nap,  
 When he starts from his chair, at his client’s loud rap,  
 To burn all his briefs, in a rage makes a vow,  
 And swears by ST. VENTRIS, he’ll follow the plough.

While the poor country clown, dragg’d by writ to  
     the City,  
 As he gapes at the signs, cries, “ O la! ’Tis so pretty!”  
 His eyes full of wonder, he greedily feasts,  
 With ST. PAUL’s, and the GIANTS, the BRIDGE, and the  
     BEASTS ;

On return to his cot, ’tis his glory to tell,  
 How all pleasure’s confin’d to the sound of Bow BELL.

But



But enough of examples—No more can be wanted;  
That all men are grumblers, we'll now take for granted;  
For to ranfack each breast, where this curst spirit lodges,  
Would wear out the windpipe of ORATOR H\*\*\*\*\*.

So, not to fatigue you with vain declamation,  
I'll unfold the design of this motley relation.

Suppose that some GOD should proclaim by his crier,  
'Twas his pleasure to grant all these knaves their desire,  
Make the merchant a foldier, the lawyer a plowman —  
Pafs--presto--'Tis done. “ Ha! What ails you now man?  
“ What the devil! Not stir?—Give a shake to that  
fellow,

“ The dog has been drinking, and got himself mellow---

“ 'Twould be cruel to force, and what signifies arguing?

“ Now their pray'rs have been heard, they repent of  
their bargain.

“ Why such shuffling as this wou'd provoke a divinity!

“ Ye damn'd Rogues!---What ye ask'd---don't ye see  
I'd ha' gi'n it ye?

“ Now

“ Now——Mind what I say——Should you teize me  
hereafter,

“ Your Pray’rs will be only receiv’d with horfe-laughter.”

But, joking apart, for you’ll say ’tis beguiling——  
Yet I know not that truth ever suffer’d by smiling;  
Nay, a laugh gilds the pill, makes it sweeter to swallow,  
Your dry stuff wont be read, were it writ by APOLLO;  
Ev’n schoolmasters teach us---and who can be grimmer?---  
Don’t they lecture their boys from a ginger-bread primer?

However, good Sir, as you seem to look serious,  
And my subject begins to grow somewhat mysterious;  
Come, curl up your whiskers, and stroke down your beard--  
Right---For sober discussion we now are prepar’d.

To return to our foldier, our plowman, and trader,  
Not forgetting their worthy companion the pleader;

Tho’



Tho' at first fight they differ so widely, yet, rot 'em!  
 I find the same principle rules at the bottom ;  
 Put the question home to 'em with sense and discretion,  
 And, my life to a blank, you'll obtain a confession,  
 That with patience all perils and toils they engage,  
 To provide in the spring for the winter of age.

“ Well, and prudently thought on! Oh! Bravo!”

cries JACOB——

Fair and softly——Now you shall the argument take up ;  
 By debating the point we may both become wiser ;  
 Come, I'll be old FLACCUS, while you play the Miser.

J A C O B.

Of industry's cares if an instance you want,  
 I can furnish you soon——Cast your eyes on the ANT ;  
 To human endeavours a quick'ning example,  
 Her form how minute ! yet her labours how ample !

C

Incessant

Inceſſant in toil, all around ſee her ſcrape,  
Then bear off the burden to add to her heap;  
The man who is wiſe will purſue her good maxim,  
Tho' the idle and thoughtleſs with avarice tax him.

A U T H O R.

Well mov'd, DOCTOR SQUARETOES! — Ha! OLD

ANNO DOMINI!

I ſee you regard theſe Affairs with no common eye.  
But hark ye, my friend — To avoid all deluſion,  
Your memoirs of the ANT we muſt bring to concluſion;  
In our ſenſe of her work not a tittle we vary,  
So the *quomodo*'s granted—but now for the *quare*;  
You've deſcrib'd her taſk nobly, mark the end on't  
as well —

When winter comes on ſhe keeps ſnug in her cell;  
There, unlocking her ſtorehouſe, regales on each dainty,  
So, while miſers are ſtarving, ſhe revels in plenty.

Thus



Thus you see your comparison breaks in the middle,  
Like SAM. BUTLER's old tale of the Bear and the Fiddle;  
For the wretch, who by MAMMON's curst magic is taken,  
Can no more touch his treasure than you can touch  
Bacon;

In his toil to the ANT you may justly compare him,  
For no pain can deter, and no danger can scare him;  
Fire and sword, sea and air strive in vain to controul  
him,

All is well, so he gets but a PLUMB to console him;  
And why does he take all these pains to provide it? —  
Grant me patience, kind heav'n! — For no end but to  
hide it.

J A C O B.

Not so hasty, young man — If you take from the  
treasure,  
You destroy the round sum — Then adieu to your  
pleasure!

AUTHOR.

A U T H O R.

Well, unless you do so, for my life I can't see  
In the overgrown pile what enjoyment can be.

Suppose your JAMAICA plantation produces  
Fifty hogheads, or more, of the sugar-cane's juices ;  
Of all this abundance your head gives no sign,  
Should you drink to excess it would ach just like mine.

You contract——Be not angry, 'tis but supposition ——  
To victual our fleet for the next expedition ;  
What slaught'ring of oxen ! what butch'ring of hogs !  
Yet for your part all this might be thrown to the  
dogs ——

To what purpose this super-abundance of plenty,  
When an humble beef-steak at PONTACK's can content  
you ?

RABBI,



RABBI, yield up the point—A PANTHEON of GODS  
 Shall ne'er persuade me it can make any odds  
 Of nature's good gifts to the temp'rate partaker,  
 If he plows forty thousand, or one single acre.

J A C O B.

But the joy to see heaps of bright gold as they lie!  
 How they ravish the sense! how they dazzle the eye!

A U T H O R.

Ah! GREAT OFF'ERER OF SCHEMES! sage descendant  
 of MOSES!  
 How weak prejudice here your sound judgment opposes!  
 If I have but enough, for that sure is the test,  
 Then my purse serves as well as your huge iron chest.

D

Should

Should you chance to be thirsty, and chuse to drink  
 water,  
 With a jug to the THAMES would you fend your BLESS'D  
 DAUGHTER?  
 Just to boast that from LONDON's fam'd river you  
 quaff'd,  
 When the good pump of ALDGATE could answer your  
 draught.  
 Besides that 'tis needless, there's danger attending,  
 Lest, while o'er the river's frail bank you are bending,  
 The swollen torrent it's channel should cease to obey,  
 And, o'erwhelm'd by it's rage, sweep you headlong  
 away.  
 But he, who content to the spring can repair,  
 May satisfy nature, unruffled by care ;

It's



It's clear silver streams, unpolluted with mud,  
Run bubbling along, nor e'er rise to a flood ;  
The bev'rage is wholesome---do but try it---you'll find  
It gives health to the body, and peace to the mind.

To a GOSLING these figures might call for explaining,  
But with half an eye, JACOB, you'll spy out my meaning.

I know 'tis a maxim receiv'd in 'CHANGE ALLEY,  
(But their scales with my standard sure never will tally)  
That nothing but wealth without measure can raise you,  
For—the sum you are worth—at so much they  
    appraise you.

Why these people are mad——VOLUNTEERS for a mad-  
    house——

Ah! JONATHAN's! JONATHAN's! thou art a sad house!

By

By one fingle sentence thy myſt'ry's explor'd —

“ TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE LAUGH'D AT AND MAMMON

“ ADOR'D.”

For ſuch phrenzy as this what relief do we know? —

Son of ISAAC! 'twould baffle the art of MONRO.

Let the wretches proceed then without moleſtation,

Since they chuſe to be damn'd—let them go to damnation.

I remember a griping old LOMBARD-STREET BANKER,

Whoſe heart was eat up by this gold-loving canker;

His fraud and oppreſſion ſo flagrant became,

Men, women and children deteſted his name;

Mobs with hiſſes purſu'd if he ſtirr'd from his portal,

Yet hear the conſolement of this wretched mortal;

“ Let



“ Let them cat-call and hiss as they will,” cries old

HUNKS,

“ So their hisses and cat-calls invade not my trunks;

“ There my God lies enshrin’d, when his radiance I

“ spy,

“ Heav’ns angels are not half so happy as I.”

Perhaps you may never have heard of the story  
Of poor master TANTALUS---here ’tis before you---  
Tormented with hunger and thirst, tho’ his board  
With delicate dainties was always well stor’d,  
As he stretch’d forth his hand still they flew from the  
table ---

What the Devil! old GRIPUS, you laugh at the  
fable! ---

E

Consider

Consider it closely, then laugh if you can —

Let the name be but alter'd, and thou art the man.

In miserly dotage you brood o'er your bags,

Your food is a crust, and your cloathing is rags ;

For your curst **MOLTEN IDOL** your rev'rence is such,

Tho' with rapture you gaze, yet you dare not to  
touch ;

Nay I hear you cry out, in the rage of devotion,

“ Blasphemer ! there's sacrilege ev'n in the notion.”

Would you know the true use of your wealth? ---

Why I'll tell you---

Your back calls for cloaths, and for food calls your  
belly ;

First



First grant their petitions, then look to your neighbours ----

Merit often neglected in indigence labours ;  
 Many species of woe claim the rich man's attention,  
 Some seek for redress, and some for prevention ;  
 In relieving these wants be your riches employ'd,  
 What before lay quite useless will then be enjoy'd.

Come, come, my good friend, be your notions  
 enlarg'd —

For, to sit up all night with your blunderbuss charg'd,  
 Ready prim'd, ready cock'd——with your eye on the  
 latch —

If a mouse scrape the wainscot, to cry out, “ Watch !  
 Watch ! ”

To

To dread fire and thieves——nay each newſman that's  
 paſſing,  
 Think each ſervant a ſpy, and each ſlave an aſſaſſin——  
 Are theſe all the bleſſings by wealth to be got? ——  
 Then be quiet and poverty ever my lot.

J A C O B.

Fine talking indeed? But talk's a deceiver ——  
 Suppoſe you're laid up with an ague or fever;  
 Then, my pennyleſs friend, not a ſoul will come near  
 you,  
 But if ſolid Rouleaus fill your cheſt, never fear you!  
 All fly to aſſiſt —— “ To reſuſe would be cruel ” ——  
 A PEER of the REALM ſhall prepare you your gruel,  
 Phyſicians are juſtling night and day on your ſtair-caſe,  
 The public feel for you as if it were their caſe,

The



The news-writers wait to make known, with im-  
 patience,  
 You're restor'd by kind Heav'n to your friends and  
 relations.

A U T H O R.

Friends, thou wretch! thou hast none---thy relations  
 all flee thee,  
 Wife and children with pleasure at TYBURN would see  
 thee;  
 Thou art hooted and hiss'd at where'er thou canst turn  
 thee,  
 And all thy good neighbours in effigy burn thee.

How canst thou give way to this fatal delusion?---  
 You pay court to your gold---I admire your conclusion---

F

Your

Your money engrosses your only regard,  
Yet th' esteem of mankind is to be your reward! —

Have seventy-nine years made the PATRIARCH no  
wifer?

Can JACOB's grey hairs want a beardless adviser? —

A hawk never yet was the fire of a dove,  
So kindness must still be the parent of love.  
If you think to preserve all your kinsfolk's affection  
Without mutual returns — you'll destroy the con-  
nection;

Tho' nature does her part, yet you must do yours,  
Or order and harmony soon fly your doors;  
By closing the purse-strings to hope it effected,  
Is the damnablest scheme thou hast ever projected;

Just



Just as wifely you might on an afs get a-straddle,  
And bett fifty to one you keep firm in the saddle.

But, for God's sake, fix somewhere a bound to your  
craving,  
Nor go on thus for ever still griping and faving;  
As you labour, and add ev'ry day to your store,  
Shall your terror of starving increafe more and more?  
Name your sum—and resolve, when you've reach'd to  
the mark,  
No longer to toil like a mole in the dark.

Beware of the fate of old FOSCUÉ the Frenchman,  
Who himself under-ground with his gold did intrench,  
man!

Oh! there think what horrors the caitiff furround!  
Alive, self-intomb'd, no retreat to be found!

Death's

Death's horrible jaws open'd wide to receive him !  
 In vain he cries out to his gold to relieve him !  
 The base, earth-born IDOL, sole end of his cares,  
 Is blind to his weeping, and deaf to his pray'rs.  
 Thus, curst with th' enjoyment of all his desires,  
 In the arms of his GOD he blaspheming expires.

J A C O B.

What then? would you have me enroll'd with the  
 martyrs,  
 Who are sacrific'd nightly to Idols at ARTHUR'S?  
 Or boldly advance on the turf with Sir J \* \* \* \* ?

AUTHOR.



A U T H O R.

Hold, hold, Sir——defend not your cause by extremes.

Tho' I think it a scandal too far to extend thrift,  
Conclude not from thence that I honour a spend-thrift.

Must you never taste flesh 'cause forbid to eat pork?  
Can't you hit on a mean between P\*\*\*\*\* and  
Y\*\*\*\*\*?

There's a medium in all things; the line that divides  
Points out the right path; error lies at the sides.

But let us be candid. Is none but the miser  
A slave to his fears?—Pray are other folks wiser?

G

If

If we cast our eyes round, and regard ev'ry station,  
 We see nought but confusion, disgust and vexation;  
 Each man after some untried blessing is panting,  
 And, all else possess'd, still that something is wanting;  
 Pressing forward with eyes pointed eager, he's blind  
 To the crowd of poor wretches that hobble behind;  
 He counts not the numbers whose fortune's inferior,  
 Nor can e'er be content while he sees a superior.

Thus you've seen at NEWMARKET---that fair field of  
 fame,  
 Where my lord and his groom to all eyes are the same---  
 When o'er the green turf the swift race-horses fly,  
 On the foremost each jockey still rivets his eye,  
 While he only regards with contempt and with laughter  
 The batter'd old Jade that comes stumbling after.



Hence, at life's various feast, we shall hardly be able  
To point out one guest rising pleas'd from the table ;  
We may just as soon see, by your patriot cares,  
Peace establish'd thro' EUROPE for ninety-nine years.

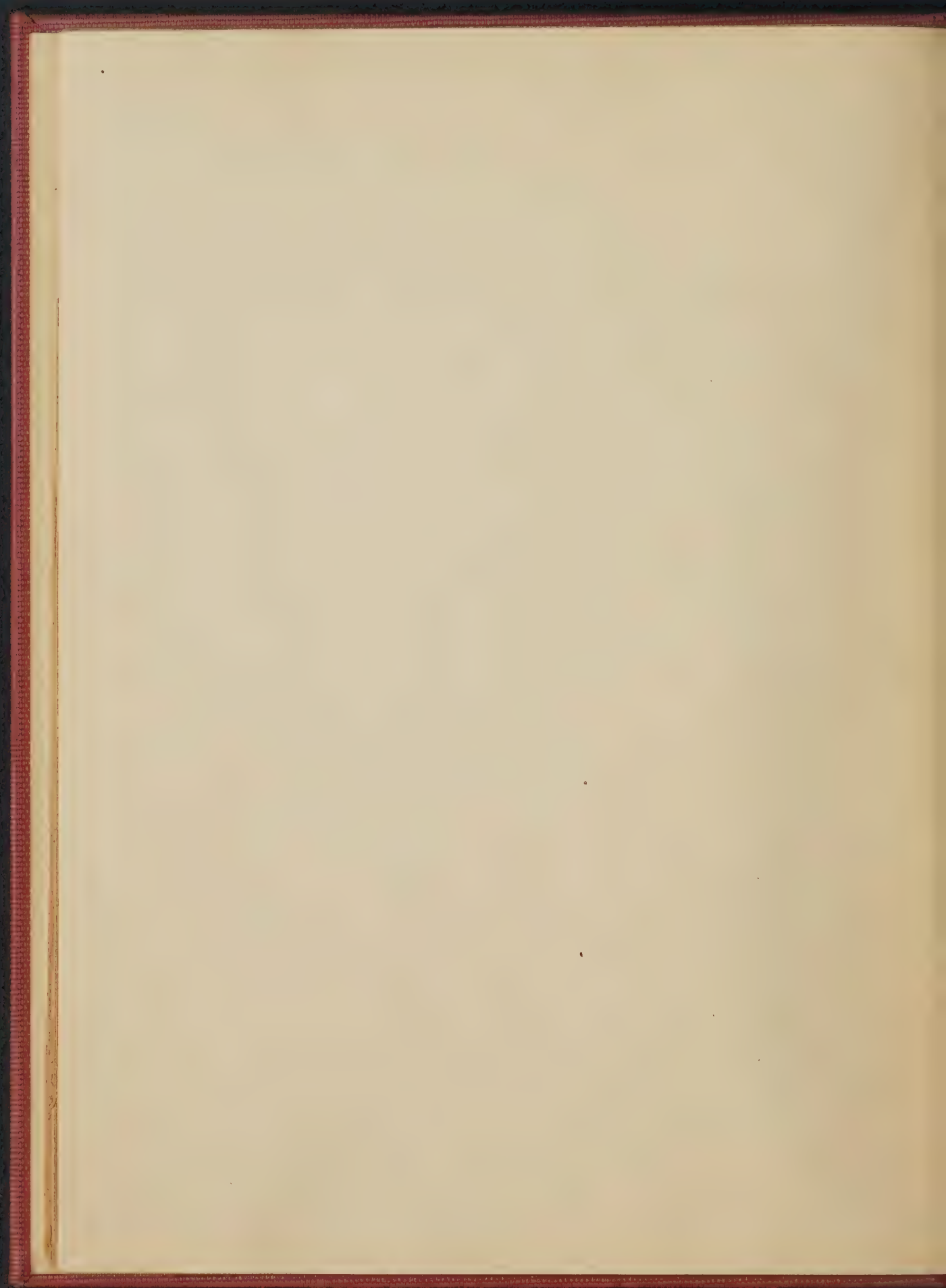
Now adieu, my friend JACOB—I'll close up my case-  
book,  
Left you think I've purloin'd DOCTOR HILL's common-  
place-book.

F I N I S.



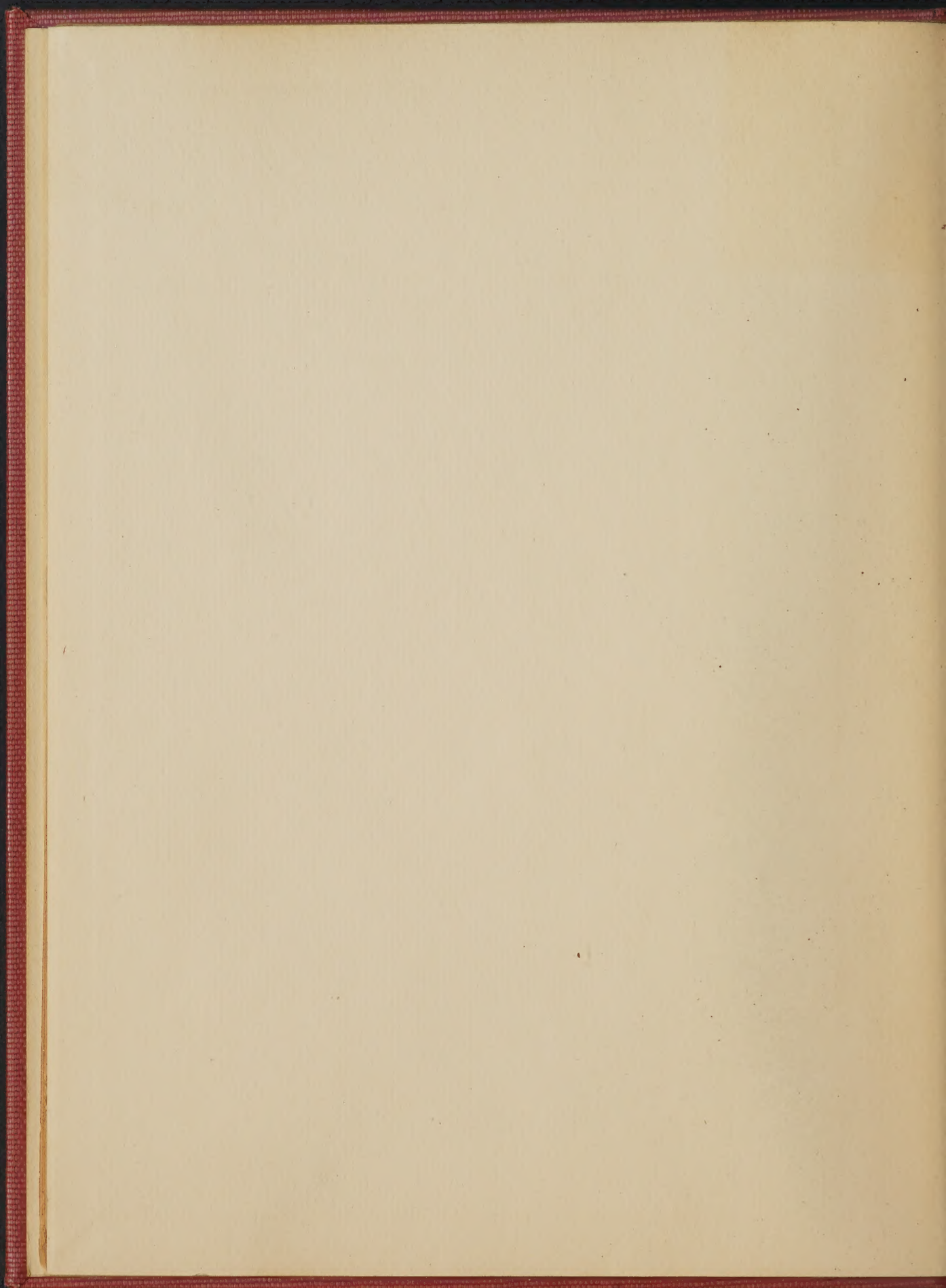












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